BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.

M. H. GARDNER, Publisher.

BAXTER SPRINGS, - - KANSAS.

BENEDICITE.

For life, for death, for weal or woe,
They give and take the token;
And nothing now
Can break the vow
Their plighted words have spoken

He is for her the man of men,
Her choice divine and human;
And she the one
For him alone
Of all the world of women!

Each perfect in each other's eyes—
All noblest gifts possessing.
Oh, joy! oh, gain!
That aches to pain
With overcrowd of blessing!

Her heart will never know a care
But his will bring the guerdon;
And when he sighs
Her tender eyes
Will charm away the burden.

Divinest love will halve each loss
(For life must still be troubled);
And through the bliss
Of word and kiss
Shall every joy be doubled.

She yields for him her home, her name,
Her realm, in self-surrender,
He kneels to own
His heart her throne,
To rule with queenly splendor.

Oh, foolish prate of gain or loss,
When each to each has given
Ungrudged the whole
Of heart, life, soul—
All—all this side of Heaven!
—Margaret J. Preston, in Harper's Bazar.

UP THE MALINGA.

Roger Casement's Record of a Remarkable African Journey.

Leaving Equator on the Congo for a Region Never Before Explored by White Men—A Night Attack—The Value of a Steam Whistle.

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LIFE at the Equator seven hundred and fifty miles up the Congo was very different from my experiences on the lower reaches of the river.

My friend E. J. Glave, was in charge of our station and was the "blood brother" of many of the surrounding chiefs and the friend of all the natives. They daily crowded the precincts of the station, carrying spears and shields and other implements of war, yet with friendly smiles on their faces and good will apparent in all their actions.

Rarely during my three months' stay at Equator was the peace of the district disturbed by strife between neighboring villages or attacks from outsiders, and although we heard of the decapitation of slaves in villages not far distant, executed to accompany their masters to the spirit world, our presence and oft-expressed abhorrence of this custom, restrained our more immediate neighbors from indulging in their head-cutting propensities.

Sometimes a canoe full of Ronkis, natives of the banks of the great tributary of that name, the Ronki or Black river which enters the Congo only four miles above the Equator—would pass by our station, keeping well out in stream and challenge the natives of Waugatta, our nearest village, to come to their river in search of ivory and see the sort of reception they would get, and the Waugatta men lining the banks would shout themselves hoarse in hurling back insulting epithets at the Ron-

A BRUSH WITH THE RONKIS.

kis, their mothers, grandmothers and entire line of female ancestors.

Soon after my arriving at Equator we determined to go on a hunting excursion to the north bank of the Congo where elephants were reported by the natives as being very numerous. Our way lay through a maze of channels between forest-covered islands or sedgy sandbanks which here stud the placid bosom of the Congo at this point, or for several hundred miles of its course, two or three leagues in breadth.

Owing to the great heat in the daytime we decided to start at night and paddle the greater part of the way before morning. Manning two canoes with about twenty men in all, friendly natives of Waugatta who were always eager to accompany us on hunting journeys, for the sake of the fun and the meat we were likely to secure, we started at nine p. m. one night early in October '87. A chief named Mongessi with one of his wives and two slaves helped to swell our party, for Mongessi was ever ready to show his liking for the white man, and it was a feather in his cap (if he had only worn one) to be a sharer of our hunting exploits.

My servant "Tati," (a coast native I had brought up with me) and Glave's little native cook, a youth of twelve or so named Mochindu, came also to attend on us.

We paddled steadily on for several hours between thick walls of foliage through narrow channels or out upon broad stretches of the river lit up by a glorious moon.

Toward one a. m. the men feeling tired they suggested a halt for an hour or two's rest, and seeing fires shining amid the trees on an island some half a mile off we made toward them. As we drew in nearer the shore we could see many figures squatting around the fires which lit up the bare tree trunks of the forest background and revealed several little grass huts scattered on the edge of the clearing. As our approach became known the gathering round the fires broke up. Wild yells arose from a score of lusty throats, and voices in the Ronki dialect shouted to us not to dare to land and that we should all have our throats cut if we put foot on shore.

Spears and knives were brandished, guns seized and pointed at us (old flint-lock muskets from far down the river which had passed through a dozen tribes in reaching their present owners) and an indescribable hub-bub ensued. We called out that we only wished to rest for a few hours, that we were friends and would do no harm, but it was all in vain.

The fires were scattered and only a few red ashes remained, and we could see that any attempt to land on our part would mean a fight. So, calling out that we were going away, we shoved off and commenced paddling out into the stream.

As we got about thirty yards from land, bang! went a gun in among the trees and a charge of shot whizzed past us, followed almost immediately by another report, and this time one of our men was wounded in the thigh. Glave and I were in the same canoe, and, with our headmen Bionelo and Bakunn, two Waugatta natives who carried extra rifles of ours, we replied with our Express and Martini-Henry rifles, while the other canoe, of which Mongessi took command, poured in a dropping fire from four or five flint-locks. We were out in the full light of the moon, while our foes were completely hidden in the darkness of the forest bank. Loud cries of derision and shouts from the shore greeted our fusillade and, paddling slowly up-stream, we gave another broadside in the direction of the smoldering fires, which this time was received in silence.

Feeling we could do nothing that night, while if we remained near we offered a capital aim to our hidden foes, we determined to make for the opposite bank of the channel, about three hundred yards across. A thick, floating mass of interlacing sedge grass clinging to the bank prevented us reaching the shore. Accordingly, fastening our canoes to this, we stepped out on to the grass, which bore our weight, although it rose and fell beneath each movement. We promptly stretched ourselves out on this grassy couch, and although a leg would sometimes break through and reach the river flowing beneath we managed to keep afloat and get some sort of rest in spite of mosquitoes and a drizzling shower of rain. I had an india-rubber ground sheet with me, useful for stretching on the floor of one's tent or sleeping on at a pinch, and this I now endeavored to rig into a shelter from rain and mosquitoes by throwing it over my head and huddling my knees up to my chin, while I could feel myself slowly making a deeper impression in the grass raft and gradually settling down in the sedge until I expected every moment to go through altogether and take a plunge in the river.

My comfort was of short duration, for Mongessi objected to rain and mosquitoes as much as I did—and observing that it was an unpleasant night for an *al fresco* entertainment on a floating island, he, followed by his wife and two or three of the men, promptly crawled under my extempore tent and huddled up close around me. I was banked in by a solid mass of warm flesh and could scarcely move a finger, and although the mosquitoes were now effectually excluded from every square inch of my person, I soon became aware of the fact that there are things worse even than mosquito bites in this world of ours, and amongst them I was compelled to reckon the atmosphere under that ground sheet. I delicately hinted to Mongessi, in broken tones, that I thought his wife a very nice woman at a distance, and that I should be delighted to see more of her and his companions on a fine day on shore when the wind was in the right direction and they were bearing well to leeward of me, but he only replied by digging me in the ribs and asking me for some tobacco and a match to light up his pipe and smoke. I abandoned the ground sheet to this happy family and slowly the night wore away, while Glave and I dozed or chatted alternately. Our Ronki friends across the water having relit their fires on our departure under the shelter of one of the huts were now dancing round them and singing wild war-songs, brandishing spears and knives as they hurled defiance at us across the intervening channel.

With the earliest dawn we re-entered our canoes, loaded every gun and rifle and commenced paddling across to renew the fight, determined to punish the Ronkis for their unprovoked attack of the previous night. They saw us coming, and renewed their wild dance and song, but as we came within one hundred yards or so of the shore they one by one sidled off behind the tree trunks and into the forest, so that by the time our canoes grounded on their beach we could not see a single foe. We sent a volley in among the trees and then landed. Our natives promptly seized all the huts, which contained only a few paddles and some fishing tackle, and setting fire to them we pushed off, taking with us two canoes which we found up a little creek. These we sank in mid-stream, and then catching sight of two big canoes full of men making off up river about eight hundred yards above us we gave chase, thinking them to be probably of the party which had fired on us. However, after half an hour's hard paddling we found we were no nearer, so we contented ourselves with seeing them turn up a side creek and disappear from view in the thick bushes of the island we had been skirting, and feeling that, having dispersed our enemies and sufficiently punished their wanton attack by the capture of the two canoes and the burning of the huts, we returned down stream and continued our journey to the north bank mainland, passing the scene of the conflagration, on which the Ronkis were beginning to reassemble to see what damage we had done.

We paddled all that day under a burning sun until late in the afternoon, before we reached the mainland of the north shore. Camping for the night in a thick forest Glave shot a couple of monkeys, which the men cooked for their supper, and Bukunu bagged a

UNCOMFORTABLE NIGHT QUARTERS.

horn-bill, which served Glave and myself an evening meal.

We spent the two next days paddling through a long succession of narrow channels of the great river, searching for traces of elephant grounds—and although we landed at one or two spots and had some hours of hard tramping through forest and swamp up to our waists in water and mud, or scrambling over roots of trees—we could find no recent tracks of either elephant or buffalo. The natives of a village we came to in our wanderings, named Bakanga, assured us that the buffaloes were so numerous in the woods around that they were obliged to fence in their manioc and banana plantations with logs and felled trees to keep out these intruders, and following two of the men, who offered to guide us to a spot where we should certainly find game, we spent three hours in a terribly hot crawl through a thick wood with dense undergrowth to an open patch of long grass without coming across any thing worth shooting. Returning to the village, we determined to remain there all night and have a try at the buffaloes in the early morning, when the natives assured us their manioc plantations would be overrun by them.

Mongessi, who labored under the delusion that he was a great sportsman, had meanwhile primed himself with a big gourd full of palm wine, and he now set off with Glave's Express rifle in a small canoe, paddled by his unwilling wife, to shoot a hippopotamus which was playing about in the Congo opposite the village.

The canoe wobbled fearfully owing to Mongessi's wild attempts to stand upright in it, and long ere the canoe we promptly dispatched after him for the recovery of the rifle had been able to overtake them, he and his wife were floundering in the river; but the rifle, fortunately enough, was safe at the bottom of the canoe. Mongessi returned somewhat damped, and the poor wife consoled herself for her ducking by spoiling his evening meal and making herself generally disagreeable for the remainder of the evening.

By this time we had had enough of Bakanga, so we departed an hour later for the Equator by a new route, through a different net-work of islands, in the channels between which we came upon herds of hippos, but very wild, owing to the presence of many fishing canoes. We succeeded in shooting a couple, but, although they were badly wounded, we could not tell if we had succeeded in killing them outright or not, and were obliged to continue our journey in order to reach our station before night, where I arrived suffering from a severe touch of fever, brought on by exposure to the sun during our long passage of the river.

On October 28 the long-expected Florida appeared in sight, steaming round the point below our station. We had been wearily waiting for her, Glave and I, to make our eagerly-desired journey up the Lulungu river, which, with its main feeder, the Malinga native report described as being the richest ivory-producing affluent of the Congo. We were anxious, too, to penetrate the country of the Balolo, the strange people dwelling on the banks of the Malinga, of whom Rev. George Grenfell, of the English Baptist Mission, had brought down some curious information from his trip up the Malinga on the little mission steamer Peace. His had been the first visit of a white man to that river, and we were anxious to see how the natives would now receive us, stopping at every village as we intended doing, and endeavoring to make friends by undergoing the ceremony of blood brotherhood, done by scratching the arm of each party and rubbing one abrasion against the other, and purchasing almost any thing the natives would bring us to sell.

Not wishing to provoke hostilities by introducing a quarrelsome foreign element we left the regular Zanzibari and coast-native crew of the Florida at Equator, replacing them by the best and most capable of our native friends from the surrounding villages. There still remained the two Lagos men, from the British colony on the Gold Coast, who acted as assistants to our white engineer in looking after the engines and fires—two or three Loango firemen from a district north of the Congo mouth—and my Loango servant Tati, as well as one Zanzibari, Andrew, who had been educated at a Mission in Zanzibar, but who unfortunately proved a great thief.

On Thursday, November 3, a great crowd of natives came down to see us off and bid good-bye to their friends who were members of our crew. Bionelo, our native head man, and one or two of the other natives brought a wife each with them to look after cooking arrangements.

Amid the cries of farewell and the waving of cloths from the crowd on shore we steamed off up against the strong current of the Congo. Soon passing the wide mouth of the Ronki, which pours a dark flood of water nearly a mile broad into the Congo, we arrived off the grassy shores of the Ikelemba, a smaller tributary, and continued our way up toward Lulangu, a large village situated at the mouth of the Lulungu river, which we hoped to reach ere nightfall.

On arriving at Lulangu next morning we procured a guide who had made several trading and slave-raiding expeditions up as far as Malinga town on the main branch of the Lulungu, which, as I have said, is called the Malinga river. Our guide's name was Elenge Minto, literally "Young Man," and we subsequently found him a very useful companion.

The Lulangu people had been accustomed to the sight of an occasional passing steamer going up the Congo to Bangala or Stanley Falls; but we were now leaving the great highway and following where only Grenfell and Vaugeli (a Belgian officer who ascended the Lopori, a second and smaller tributary of the Lulungu than the Malinga) had gone before us many months previously. The Lulangu natives were very friendly, and crowded the banks in long lines of aged and youthful loveliness as we steamed past the two or three miles of huts fronting the Lulungu.

At noon we arrived off a village we were informed by Elenge Minto was called Bolongo on the left bank. We put in here and halted for the day. The chief, an old man named Nzemba, insisted on making "blood-brothers" with us, and then regretted his inability to give us any thing save firewood, on account of the siege his village was enduring, owing to the attacks of a neighboring settlement. Landing, we found that the place consisted of about two hundred huts, surrounded by a high barricade of tree trunks, old canoes and banana stems, and beyond this lay a cleared space and then an encircling wall of forest. Climbing over the fence I jumped on the ground outside, but cries from the natives who followed my movements arrested my steps. One man climbing the barrier came after me, and stooping down, with a smile, revealed many sharp splinters of bamboo hidden beneath the grass, and so pointed that they would enter the unprotected feet of an advancing enemy.

I thanked the friendly natives, but showed them the thick soles of my shoes, which were a sufficient protection against bamboo.

I saw, in Bolongo, the highest and biggest native house I ever came across in Africa. The center pole was a good thick tree about thirty feet high, the roof was of grass thatch, circular, and reaching to within one foot of the ground where it was supported by a circle of upright bamboos, with two low entrances into the interior. Inside was a blacksmith's shop and room for a couple of hundred people if closely packed.

We quitted the friendly Bolongo people early next morning, and steamed up between forest-clad islands, and banks of high trees amid which troops of silver-gray and black monkeys were sporting.

The district we were approaching, we learned from our guide, was Bukutila, and on drawing near we were greeted by an immense crowd of men, women and children, calling out to us to come on shore, and by a regular flotilla of small canoes which put off to us.

On putting the steamer in to the bank and coming to anchor alongside the shore, we were crowded by the numbers of people desirous of seeing us and selling us pieces of firewood (of which our stock was never too ample), and eggs. These latter we purchased for a single cowrie shell each, which gives about twenty-two or twenty-three eggs for two cents!

The population of Bukutila struck us as being of a somewhat finer build than the Bolongo or lower river people, although they cut their features with the same tribal marks as do the natives of the Equator and Lulanga districts—a series of horizontal incisions about an inch in length extending down the forehead from the hair to between the eyes, with similar incisions on each temple.

The women were generally clothed in grass string cloth—a costume consisting of a belt of woven grass the thickness of a piece of twine from which depended innumerable strips of dried grass, dyed either black, red or yellow-brown, reaching to the middle of the thigh, and entirely encircling them.

Some of them were not content with only one such costume, but had supplemented the original black garment by attaching a second red, and even a third yellow herbal arrangement on top of it, so that they presented the appearance of a row of lightly-clad *premières danseuses* of the comic opera stage; and the agility with which they changed their reposeful attitudes of rapt admiration or wondering regard of our strange-looking selves when the engineer blew the steam whistle, into frantic attempts to escape up the bank, or disappear behind brushes or huts, heightened the resemblance. How we laughed at this sudden disappearance, and how timidly the affrighted ladies, after quiet had been

MAKING BLOOD BROTHERS.

restored, would peep out to see if the coast was clear, or if there was any likelihood of a recurrence of that dreadful sound, ere they again surrendered themselves to their natural curiosity to observe the strange white creatures who had come to their village and returned to their posts of vantage on the river bank. The men were nearly as frightened as the women on first hearing the steam-whistle—and we found it a never-failing source of amusement. And then it was we learned the true value of a steam-whistle on board a steamer.

ROGER CASEMENT.

An Old Missionary Society.

England's oldest missionary society is now devoting its energies to the advancement of the spiritual condition of the Canadian Indians, and is known as the "New England Company." It dates back from 1649, in which year an ordinance was passed creating a corporation of sixteen persons, called "The President and Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England," with power to acquire lands, goods and money. The society had its origin in the interest created at that time by the labors and writings of John Eliot, and owed its first endowment to Oliver Cromwell, the Lord Protector, who ordered a collection to be made in the parishes of England and Wales, thereby obtaining the sum of £12,000.—Chicago Herald.